

A GARLAND

O F

N E W S O N G S.

CONTAINING

1. The happy Shepherd.
2. The Maids Resolution to marry a Soldier.
3. The deploring Damsel.
4. The Blooming Damsel.
5. Loose every sail to the Breeze.
6. The Gallows Whore.





The happy Shepherd.

DOWN by a pleasant fountain, where crys-
tal streams do flow,
Hard by a lofty mountain, where pretty flowers
grow,

I heard a pretty shepherd making his moan
With a pipe and tabor playing all alone.

His voice made the vallies ring, he sung so
sweetly,

Of all the lasses on the plain, Molly for me

Her breath sweet as roses, her lips as cherry
red,

A thousand bonny posies I'll seek to deck her
head.

The cowslip & violet & lillies mixt with thyme
I'll make her a garland when summer's in its
prime,

If she would grant love for love how happy
should I be,

Of all the lasses on the plain, Molly for me.

Ye nightingales & linnets that sit and sing,
More sweetly than the spinnet or music play'd
on strings,

Bear witness of my sorrow for Molly is unkind
What pains do I feel in the anguish of my mind,
Come, mourn with me my pretty lambs, since
I for love do die,

Of all the lasses on the plain Molly for me.

Ye murmur'ing brooks assist me, ye willows bow
your heads,

Since Molly has left me, I am almost dead
Whene'er I send a letter to tell her of my pain
I am not the better, she does my suit disdain;
Death strike the dart, and ease my heart, that
I may happy be,
Of all the lasses on the plain, Molly for me.

The Maid's Resolution to marry a Soldier.

COME my bonny lass will you lye in a barrack
Will you marry a soldier and carry his
wallet,

O yes I will do it and think nothing of it,
A Soldier I'll marry and carry his wallet.

But how will you part with your daddy and
mammy

Who kindly supports you and tenderly cheers
you,

I'll neither take leave of mammy or daddy,
but I will away with my soldier ladle.

O my bonny lass will you go a campaigning,
Will you bear all the hardships of battle and
famine;

When bleeding and fainting O will you draw
near me,

Will you nurse your poor soldier and tenderly
cheer me.

O yes I'll go thro' all the hardships you
 mention,
 And ten thousand more had you but the inven-
 tion;
 Neither battle nor famine nor trouble alarms me
 Whilst I have my soldier my dearest to charm me.

The deploring Damself.

'TWAS when the seas were roaring,
 with hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 on a rock inclin'd;
 Wide o'er the roaring billows,
 she cast a wishful look,
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 trembling o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
 and nine long tedious days,
 Why dost thou venture, lover?
 why didst thou trust the seas:
 Cease, cease thou troubled ocean,
 and let my lover rest,
 Ah? what's thy troubled motion,
 to that within my breast?

The merchant robb'd of treasure,
 views tempest with desire,
 But what's the loss of treasure?
 to the losing of my dear;

Should you some coast be laid on,
 where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'll find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

How can you say that nature,
 has nothing made in vain,
 Why then beneath the water,
 do hedious rocks remain:
 No eyes those rocks discover,
 that lurk beneath the deep,
 That wreck the wand'ring lover,
 and leave the maid to weep.

Oh! Neptune, cruel Neptune!
 why was you then so cross,
 As to agree with fortune,
 in this my woful loss?
 Why didst thou not send thy tritons,
 to check those boist'rous waves;
 That him whom I dote on,
 might find successful days.

Thus melancholy lying,
 thus wail'd she for her dear,
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 each billow with a tear,
 When o'er the white waves stooping,
 his floating corps she spy'd,
 Then like a lilly drooping,
 she bow'd her head and dy'd.

The Blooming Damsel.

It is of a youthful damsel, all in her blooming years,
Made woful lamentation in sighs and melting tears;
It was of her best beloved, as you shall understand,
Who had a mind to travel unto some foreign land.

She little thought of parting with her hearts delight
Till he came and told her, he must go forth and fight;
This fifteen weeks and better, I am gone with child to
thee,

I would advise dear William, come back and marry me.

If I was to marry, Margaret, and another take my
place,

That would be a shame, love, a great and foul disgrace;
It is no, no, sweet William, it shall never be so
I will put on man's apparel, and along with you will go

I must confess dear Margaret, your word is sweet
indeed,

But I must first be mounted upon a warlike steed,
Tell me not of dangers, for I do fear them not,
For in the front of battle I'll freely take my lot.

For when you are all marching, I will trip along
before,

All to replenish your small and tender store :

I must confess sweet Margaret, your'e wondrous kind
indeed,

For I must have a wedding, a wedding or we part.

If I should meet a damsel, of beauty, brisk and gay,
And if I had a fancy, what would peggy say :
Would not you be offended, no I would love her,
I would step aside, sweet William, till she did please
you.

Now Peggy she is married, with her own hearts
 delight,
 The world does smile upon them, wherever they do
 light ;—
 the land and nation, with the world they tread
 The world smiles upon them, wherever they abide.

Loose ev'ry Sail to the Breeze.

LOOSE ev'ry sail to the breeze,
 The course of my vessel improves
 We done with the toils of the seas,
 Ye failors ! I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,
 My griefs I fling all to the wind :—
 'Tis a pleasing return for my care.
 My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear—
 What tropic bird twifter can move ;
 Who, cruel, shall hold his career—
 That returns to the nest of his love.

Loose ev'ry sail to the breeze.
 Come, ship-mates and join in the song ;
 Let's drink while our ship cuts the seas,
 To the gale that may drive her along.

The Gallows Whore.

DOWN in yon country I thought it no shame,
My parents looks on me with scorn and disdain;
I am not to be slighted, it is very well known,
But down in yon country I will roll it all over.

The first that came to me, he was a post boy,
He gave me five shillings to call him my joy;
I called him my joy, and I humoured him so,
Which cost him ten guineas before he did go.

The next that came to me, he was a Lord's man,
And would needs persuade me, he was a Lord's son;
I gave him a frown, and bade him be gone,
For my instrument was not to play on.

Jack Tar came to me with his full intent,
For to have a tune on my instrument;
I gave him a wink and together we went,
For to play a tune on my instrument.

I gave him the clap, and I fired his gun,
And straight to the doctor away he did run;
If that he can fire, and some says he can,
He will fire and fire again, like a man.

My shift it is Holiland, and that is the truth,
And it has been handled by many a youth;
It has got a spring under it, that runs fine and cle,
It is better to me than ten hundred a year.

He took me to London, and bought me fine clo,
My wit and my beauty brought me to the New,
I'll be judged by young women, if I be to blame,
For soon I came out a gallows whore again;

F I N I S.

